THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, October 17, 1803.

AFFECTING INSTANCE *of* FILIAL PIETY.

[From Carr's Stranger in France.]

I Have before had occaſion to mention the humane conduct of Madame G—— towards the perſecuted abbe; ſhe ſoon afterwards, with the principal ladies of the city, fell under the diſpleaſure of Robeſpierre and his agents. Their only crime was wealth, honourably acquired. A committee, compoſed of the moſt worthleſs people of Rouen, was formed, who, in the name of, and for the uſe of the nation, ſeized upon the valuable ſtock of Meſſrs. G——, who were natives of France. In one night by torchlight their extenſive warehouſes were ſacked, and all their ſtores were forcibly ſold in the market-place to the beſt bidder: the plundered merchants were paid the amount of the ſale in aſſignats, in a paper currency which then bore an enormous diſcount, and ſhortly afterwards retained only the value of the paper upon which the national note was written. In ſhort, in a few hours, an honourable family nobly allied, were deſpoiled of property to the amount of twenty-five thouſand pounds ſterling. Other merchants ſhared the ſame fate.

This act of robbery was followed by an act of cruelty.—Madame G——. the mother, who was born in England, and who married a French gentleman of large fortune, whom ſhe ſurvived, of a delicate frame and advanced in years, was committed to priſon, where, with many other female ſufferers, ſhe was cloſely confined for eleven months, during which time ſhe was compelled to endure all ſorts of privations. After the committee of rapine had ſettled their black account, and had remitted the guilty balance to their employers, the latter, in a letter of "friendly colluſion, and fraudulent familiarity," after paſſing a few revolutionary jokes upon what had occurred, ob-

ſerved that the G——'s ſeemed to bleed very freely, and that as it was likely they muſt have credit with many perſons to a large amount, directed their obedient and active banditti to order theſe devoted gentlemen to draw, and to deliver to them their draughts upon all ſuch perſons who ſtood indebted to their extenſive concern. In the words of a celebrated orator*, "Though they had ſhaken the tree till nothing remained upon the leafleſs branches, yet a new flight was on the wing to watch the firſt buddings of its proſperity, and to nip every hope of future foliage and fruit."

The G——'s expected this viſit, and by an ingenious and juſtified expedient, prevented their perdition from becoming deciſive.

Soon after the gates of the priſon were cloſed upon Madame G——, her eldeſt ſon, a man of commanding perſon and eloquent addreſs, in defiance of every friendly, and of every affectionate entreaty, flew to Paris.

It was in the evening of the laſt winter which beheld its ſnows crimſoned with revolutionary carnage, when he preſented himſelf, undiſmayed, before that committee, whoſe horrible nature will be better deſcribed by merely relating the names of its members, then ſitting, than by the moſt animated and elaborate delineations of all its deadly deeds of rapine and of blood. At a table, covered with green cloth, ſhabbily lighted, in one of the committee rooms of the national aſſembly, were ſeated Robeſpierre, Collot d'Herbois, Carnot, and David. They were occupied in filling up the liſts for the permanent guillotine, erected very near them, in the Place de la Revolution, which the executioners were then clearing of its gore, and preparing for the next day's butchery. In this devoted capital more blood had, during that day ſtreamed upon the ſcaffold, than on any one day during the revolution.

The terrified inhabitants, in darkneſs, in remote receſſes of their deſolate houſes, were ſilently offering up a prayer to the great God of Mercy to releaſe them, in a way moſt ſuitable to his wiſdom, from ſuch ſcenes of deep diſmay, and remorſeleſs ſlaughter.

Robeſpierre, as uſual, was dreſſed with great neatneſs and gayety; the ſavage was generally ſcented, whilſt his aſſociates were habited en Jacobin, in the ſqualid, filthy faſhion of that æra of the revolution, in the dreſs of blackguards.

Mr. G—— bowed, and addreſſed them very reſpectfully. "I am come, citizens, before you," ſaid this amiable ſon, "to implore the releaſe of my mother; ſhe is pining in the priſons of Rouen, without having committed any offence; ſhe is in years; and

* Vide Sheridan's oration againſt Haſtings upon the Begum charge.

and if her confinement continues, her children, whoſe fortunes have been placed at the diſpoſal of the national exigencies, will have to lament her death; grant the prayer of her ſon; reſtore, I conjure you, by all the rights of nature, reſtore her to her afflicted family." Robeſpierre looked obliquely at him, and with his accuſtomed ſharpneſs, interrupted him from proceeding further, by exclaiming, "What right have you to appear before us, miſcreant? you are an agent of Pitt and Cobourg (the then common phraſe of reproach), you ſhall be ſent to the guillotine; why are you not at the frontiers?"

Monſieur G——, unappalled, replied, "Give me my mother, and I will be there to-morrow; I am ready inſtantly to ſpill my blood, if it muſt be the price of her diſcharge."

Robeſpierre, whoſe ſavage ſoul was occaſionally moved by ſights of heroic virtue, ſeemed impreſſed by this brave and unuſual addreſs. He pauſed, and after whiſpering a few words to his aſſociates, wrote the diſcharge, and handing it over to a ſoldier, for the ſucceſsful petitioner, he fiercely told him to retire.

Mr. G—— inſtantly ſet out for Rouen, where, after a long and ſevere journey, he arrived, exhauſted with fatigue and agitation of mind; without refreſhment, this excellent man flew to the gates of the priſon which contained his mother, and preſented the diſcharge to the gaoler, who dryly, with a brutal grin, informed him, that a trick had been played off upon him, that he had juſt received a counter order, which he held in his hand, and refuſed to releaſe her !!!

It turned out, that immediately after Mr. G—— had left the committee room, the relenting diſpoſition, which he had momentarily awakened in the barbarous breaſt of Robeſpierre, had ſubſided.

The generous ſentiment was of a ſhort and ſickly growth, and withered under the gloomy fatal ſhade of his ſanguinary nature. A chaſſeur had been diſpatched with the counter order, who paſſed the exulting but deluded G—— on the road.

A ſhort time after this, and a few days before Madame G—— and her unhappy companions were to have periſhed on the ſcaffold, the gates of their priſon flew open, the world was releaſed from a monſter—Robeſpierre was no more.

This intereſting recital I received from one of the amiable ſufferers in our way to Saint Catherine's Mount. The ſtory afforded a melancholy contraſt to the rich and cheerful ſcenes about us.

BON MOT.

A Bon mot from Botany Bay may be conſidered a novelty, and we extract the following:—An edition of Bailey's

Dictionary having been some time since put up at an auction, the vendue master observed, that it was a *New Bailey*. "I'm glad of that with all my heart (replied a bidder), for most of us have had enough of the *Old one*."

Observations on the present Threat of Invasion by the French, and on the Utility of the numerous Volunteer Corps.

OUR country may now be considered as fully engaged in a contest from which there is no retreat—from which there is no disposition to retreat. So much has martial ardour outrun all precedent, that arms are not to be found for the men who stand prepared to wield them. Instead therefore of blaming ministers for not providing musquets, we ought to praise them for that conduct, which, from dissention, has created union; which by moderation has raised an ardent spirit; and which, by peace, has recalled the genius of war which now protects our country. It is better to want arms than to want men; but though we would not dissuade from any means of defence, still we cannot but suppose the number of musquets in the country greater than could be required to meet any plan of invasion. During the late administration we heard no complaint of a want of weapons, not surely because there were then more arms, but because there are now more men. Are we then to suppose that the mere circumstance of disproportion can be a positive cause of weakness, or that a loyal subject without a musquet is worse than nothing? The musquet and bayonet, though probably the best, are not the only arms to be opposed to an invading foe.

Whatever may be the motive with men to enter into military associations at a time when there appears to be little chance of coming to action, nothing but perverseness can withhold applause from those who have stood forward at the present crisis, when a general opinion has prevailed of an immediate attack. No man can fix limits to possibility; but, it may safely be asserted, that there is no instance of a country, so populous as England, and animated by such a spirit, falling a prey to invasion. It has been made a question, whether troops like the volunteers could be safely committed in a contest with regular troops. Besides natural courage, there is a species of habitual military courage which can only be acquired in perfection by men who have been accustomed to actual warfare. Such habits must be got by the volunteer as they were got by the regular soldier. Experience can alone fully teach that the event of a battle and each man's personal security depend on each man's firmness. During a battle a young recruit and an old soldier have different ideas of the means of safety; the former is apt to imagine it safest to run away, the latter knows that it is generally safest to

stand

ſtand his ground, and not to retire except by command. The young recruit has therefore much more merit in ſtanding his ground than an old ſoldier.

In caſe of invaſion, the volunteers could not be conſidered as equal to men who have ſeen actual ſervice, but they would be better than unexerciſed men; and yet even ſuch have, by good generals, been quickly rendered formidable. Men compelled to undertake a military life, are found readily to acquire military ſpirit, and ſkill proportioned to the examples which they ſee before them; and the circumſtance of a voluntary enrollment can ſcarcely be conſidered as unfavourable. In whatever aſpect we contemplate the volunteers, they muſt be conſidered as an important addition to the defenſive part of the ſervice, and conſequently eventually to the offenſive. But beſides the volunteers we have militia and troops of the line to double the amount of any army which Bonaparte has the means of tranſporting, or if he could tranſport them, of detaching from his force without manifeſt danger to France: no apprehenſion is to be entertained as to the event of a conteſt, however we muſt all deplore the evils which muſt neceſſarily accompany an actual invaſion.

While our ſoldiers and ſailors are fighting for the ſafety and exiſtence of England as an independent nation, their countrymen, who are leſs expoſed to the immediate dangers of war, feel a lively intereſt in their welfare. Such a fund as the patriotic one at Lloyd's Coffee-houſe no other country can boaſt, nor could England boaſt till the preſent time. The diſtreſſes of the widows and orphans of thoſe who fall in battle have long been deplored, and, we truſt, will hereafter be mitigated, as far as pecuniary aſſiſtance can effect that purpoſe. Life cannot be recalled by gold: but gold will ſupply a maintenance prematurely cut off. The evils of war cannot be annihilated; but all poſſible alleviation is now attempted by means of theſe liberal and honourable contributions.

"'Tis all a father, all a friend can give."

Another circumſtance very conſolatory to this country is, that the late premature attempt at rebellion has completely failed, and without any aſſiſtance being given to it by a French force. The Iriſh nation we believe too are, at leaſt a decided majority of them, thoroughly convinced that little is to be got by a connection with the French. Of this a ſtriking proof was given by the late Robert Emmet, of whoſe ſpeech, delivered after his conviction, the ſubſtance is given in the preſent volume of the Entertainer—ſee page 276. Others of the rebels, at the place of execution, have expreſſed their contrition at having been concerned in the traiterous acts for which they ſuffered, inſtead of dying in an hardened manner.

Narrative

Narrative of the late Rebellion in Ireland.

(Continued from Page 285.)

WHILE the ſouthern parts of the county of Wexford were in this horrible ſtate of commotion, the northern, about Gorey, were alſo frightfully agitated. The retreat, already mentioned, of the yeoman cavalry from Oulart, early in the morning of the 27th of May, to Gorey, was followed by great numbers of people haſtening to the town for protection, and carrying what they could of their effects with them; many, however, through terror and precipitation, leaving all behind. As Gorey, conſiſting only of one ſtreet with a number of lanes, was garriſoned with no more than thirty of the North Cork militia, under Lieutenant Swayne, and a number of yeomen, aſſiſted by an undiſciplined crowd, ſome of whom were armed only with pikes, to abandon the town and retreat to Arklow, nine miles to the north in the county of Wicklow, was at firſt reſolved; but afterwards to defend the town was determined, carts and waggons being drawn by way of ramparts acroſs the avenues and the ſtreet—the undiſciplined men placed at the windows to fire on the approaching enemy, and the diſciplined ranged about the centre of the town. In the evening arrived a reinforcement of the Antrim militia, under Lieutenant Elliot, an experienced and excellent officer; but as accounts of devaſtations and murders, received in the courſe of the day, ſeemed to indicate the approach of an army of rebels, the apprehenſions of whom were rendered far more terrible by the news of the North-Cork militia ſlaughtered at Oulart, orders were iſſued to abandon the town, and retire to Arklow at five o'clock on the following morning, the 28th of May.

As the order to retreat was very ſudden, on account of the imagined rapid approach of a reſiſtleſs and ferocious enemy, a melancholy ſcene of trepidation, confuſion, and flight, was the conſequence; the affrighted crowd of people running in all directions for their horſes, harneſſing their cars and placing their families on them with precipitation, and eſcaping ſpeedily as poſſible from the town. The road was ſoon filled to a great extent with a train of cars, loaded with women and children, accompanied by a multitude on foot, many of whom were women with infants on their backs. The weather being hot and dry, the cloud of duſt raiſed by the fugitive multitude, of whom I with my family was a part, rendered reſpiration difficult. The reception which we found at Arklow was not well ſuited to our calamitous condition. Almoſt fainting with hunger, thirſt, fatigue, and want of ſleep, we were denied admittance into the town, by order of the commanding officer of the garriſon, Captain Rowan of the Antrim regiment; and great part of the

poorer fugitives retiring, took refuge that day and night under the neighbouring hedges; but the better ſort, after a little delay, were admitted, on condition of quitting the town in half an hour. The loyaliſts on permiſſion to enter Arklow, were obliged to deliver their arms at the gate of the barrack to the guard, who promiſed to reſtore them; but, inſtead of this, they were afterwards formed into a pile in the yard of the barrack and burned. A man named Taylor, clerk of Camolin church, who made ſome ſcruple to ſurrender his arms, was ſhot by the guard. After our admiſſion, our ſituation was not ſo comfortable as we might have expected, for no refreſhment could be procured by money, for men or horſes, and the hearts of the inhabitants in general ſeemed quite hardened againſt us. But, for my own part, I found very humane treatment. After remaining ſome time in the ſtreet, my family were courteouſly invited by a lady, to whom we were totally unknown, a Mrs. Hunte, into her houſe, where we were kindly refreſhed with food and drink; and a gentleman, Mr. Joſeph Alford, to whom we were equally unknown, coming accidentally where we were, inſiſted on our going to his houſe, three miles from Arklow, where we found a number of refugees, all of whom were treated with the moſt humane attention.

Gorey, meantime was in a ſingular predicament—abandoned by the loyaliſts, while the reſt of the inhabitants in fear and dubious anxiety remained cloſely ſhut within their houſes, inſomuch that all was in ſilence and ſolitude, except that an unprincipled female, frantic with joy at the flight of her imagined enemies, capered in an extraordinary manner in the ſtreet; and that a pack of hounds, belonging to one of the fugitive gentry, expreſſed their feelings on the occaſion by a hideous and mournful yell; and that ſix men who had been that morning, though unarmed, taken priſoners, ſhot through the body, and left for dead in the ſtreet, were writhing with pain—one of whom in particular was lying againſt a wall, and, though unable to ſpeak, threatened with his fiſt a proteſtant who had run back into the town for ſomething which he had forgotten. The yeomen returned in a few hours to Gorey, but immediately retreated again to Arklow; and one of them, in riding through the former, met with a dangerous accident;—a quantity of gunpowder had been ſpilled on the pavement by the militia in their haſty retreat, which, by a ſpark ſtruck by one of the horſe's ſhoes, blew up, and ſinged both horſe and man in a frightful manner, without, however, any fatal effects. As the rebels had bent their march toward the ſouthern parts, Gorey remained unmoleſted, though deſtitute of defence. Filled as it was with a variety of goods, great part of which had been carried thither for ſafety from the neighbouring parts, it preſented a tempting object of depredation; but the pilfering of the lower claſs of

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the town's people was prevented by the better ſort of romaniſt inhabitants, who formed themſelves into guards to protect the houſes of their proteſtant neighbours; and when a multitude of women had aſſembled at ſome diſtance to come and plunder the town, they diſperſed in a fright on the receipt of falſe news that the ancient Britiſh regiment of cavalry was approaching. At length John Hunter Gower, Eſq. a magiſtrate who had in a moſt meritorious and ſucceſsful manner exerted himſelf many years in the apprehending and proſecuting of robbers, and had been partly rewarded for his ſervices by a penſion from government of 100l. a year, collected a body of men to garriſon the town. On the 30th and 31ſt of May, the greater part of the fugitives returned from Arklow to their homes, and the militia and yeomanry, who had abandoned Gorey on the 28th, reſumed their ſtation in it.

In the mean time the inſurgents having poſſeſſion of all the ſouthern parts of the county of Wexford, except Roſs and Duncannon, on the weſtern border, began to turn their attention toward the north: and on the morning of the 1ſt of June, the beautiful little town of Bunclody, otherwiſe termed Newtownbarry, ſituated ten miles north-weſtward of Enniſcorthy, was attacked by a great body of rebels, detached from their poſt of Vinegar-hill, an eminence at the foot of which the town of Enniſcorthy is built. The garriſon, including yeomen and volunteers, conſiſted of about five hundred men, of whom about three hundred were militia, under Colonel Leſtrange, of the king's county regiment. The rebel force, amounting perhaps to five thouſand in number, conducted by ſeveral chiefs, among whom was Father Kern, a man of extraordinary ſtature, ſtrength, and ferocity, advanced to the attack on both ſides of the river Slaney, on the weſtern back of which the town is built, and commenced a fire from a braſs ſix-pounder, a howitzer, and ſome ſwivel guns. The colonel, according to the too-commonly practiſed mode of the king's officers, ordered the troops to abandon the town, contrary to the earneſt remonſtrances of the yeomen officers and volunteers; but after a retreat of about a mile, he yielded to the ſolicitations of Lieutenant-Colonel Weſtenra, and ſuffered the troops to be led back to the ſuccour of a few determined loyaliſts, who had remained in the town, and continued a fire on the enemy from ſome houſes. This accidental manœuvre had all the advantages of a preconcerted ſtratagem. The rebels, who had ruſhed into the ſtreet in a confuſed multitude, intent on plunder and devaſtation, and totally unapprehenſive of the return of the troops, were unprepared to withſtand the onſet of the ſoldiery, preceded by the fire of two pieces of cannon. With the loſs of only two men on the ſide of the loyaliſts, that of the rebels may have amounted to near two hundred. This victory was of no

ſmall importance, as their conqueſt of Bunclody would have opened a way for the Wexfordian rebels into the county of Carlow, the riſing of whoſe inhabitants to co-operate with thoſe of Wicklow and Kildare, already in arms, muſt in the ſtate of the country, as it was then circumſtanced, have given great embarraſſment to adminiſtration.

On advice received by the garriſon of Bunclody of the attack intended by the rebels, an expreſs had been ſent to Clonnegall, two miles and a half diſtant, ordering the troops poſted there to march immediately to Bunclody. The commander of theſe troops, Lieutenant Young of the Donegal militia, inſtead of marching immediately, ſpent two hours in the hanging of four priſoners, in ſpite of the moſt earneſt remonſtrances of the gentlemen of the town, and an officer of the North Cork who conſidered theſe men as not deſerving death, ſome of whom at leaſt had actually declined to join the rebels when it was fully in their power. By this delay, and an unaccountably circuitous march, three miles longer than the direct road, the troops arrived not at Bunclody till after the action was entirely over, yet the North Cork officer purſued with ſuch alacrity, that with the aſſiſtance of ſome yeomen cavalry, he took two car-loads of ammunition from the rebels. Mr. Young, on his arrival in Clonnegall, had commanded the inhabitants to furniſh every individual of his ſoldiers with a feather-bed, and had, without the leaſt neceſſity, turned Mr. Derinzey, a brave and loyal gentleman and his children out of their beds; and when any remonſtrance was made to him by another officer for the inceſſant depredations of his men, his anſwer was, "I am the commanding officer, and damn the croppies." After his march to Newtownbarry, Mr. Young returned not again to Clonnegall, and that town remained under the command of the North Cork officer above-mentioned, Lieutenant Holmes Juſtice, who maintained a laudable diſcipline, and held his very dangerous poſt with ſuch intrepidity, that, though it lies in the neighbourhood of Carnew, it never fell into the hands of the rebels.

Hills of a commanding proſpect were always choſen by the rebels for their ſtations or poſts. Theſe poſts they termed camps, though they were deſtitute of tents, except a few for their chiefs, and the people remained in the open air in vaſt multitudes, men and women promiſcuouſly, ſome lying covered with blankets at night, and ſome without other covering than the clothes which they wore in the day. This mode of warfare was favoured by an uninterrupted continuance of dry and warm weather, to ſuch a length of time as is very unuſual in Ireland in that ſeaſon, or any ſeaſon of the year. This was regarded by the rebels as a particular interpoſition of providence in their favour; and ſome among them are ſaid to have declared, in a prophetic tone, that not a drop of rain was to fall until they ſhould

be maſters of all Ireland. On the other hand, the ſame was conſidered by the fugitive loyaliſts as a merciful favour of Heaven, ſince bad weather muſt have miſerably augmented their diſtreſs, and have cauſed many to periſh. In theſe encampments or ſtations, among ſuch crowds of riotous undiſciplined men, under no regular authority, the greateſt diſorder muſt be ſuppoſed to have prevailed. Often when a rebel was in a ſound ſleep in the night, he was robbed by ſome aſſociate of his gun, or ſome other article at that time valuable; to ſleep flat on the belly, with the hat and ſhoes tied under the breaſt, for the prevention of ſtealth, was a cuſtom with many. They were in nothing more irregular than in the cooking of proviſions, many of them cutting pieces at random out of cattle ſcarcely dead, without waiting to flay them, and roaſting thoſe pieces on the points of their pikes, together with the parts of the hide which belonged to them. The heads of cattle were ſeldom eaten, but generally left to rot on the ſurface of the ground; and ſo were often large parts of the carcaſes, after many pieces had been cut from them, which practice might in a ſhort time have cauſed a peſtilence.

(To be continued.)

DOMESTIC INFIDELITY.

To the EDITOR.

SIR,

ALTHOUGH the miſeries of life are ſo numerous, we naturally imagine that thoſe which affect ourſelves are the moſt ſevere; and though the commiſeration of our fellow-creatures cannot aſſuage the misfortunes under which we labour, yet their ſympathy ſeems to ſoften the ſorrows of the heart. There certainly is ſomething alleviating in deſcribing the griefs which affect us: by diſcloſing the afflictions which oppreſs the mind, we ſeem to diminiſh their weight: and this circumſtance, Mr. Editor, induces me to communicate my misfortunes, and, in addition to this motive, I think ſome of your readers may be entertained. It is aſtoniſhing to obſerve the effect which a tale of ſorrow produces; every one appears anxious to draw near the relater's chair, and actually ſeems apprehenſive of loſing ſome part of the cataſtrophe by being placed at a diſtant part of the room.

Though I am not going to deſcribe any horrid or marvellous circumſtances, or to relate any events which can excite aſtoniſhment in the mind, yet the frequency of their occurrence does not leſſen the miſery which is attached to them. The misfortune of which I complain is of the domeſtic kind.

My

My father, you muſt know, Mr. Editor, had a very numerous family; he was a phyſician in great practice, myſelf his elder child, and to all of us he was determined to give a good education, which of courſe was attended with no trifling expence. My brothers, as well as myſelf, were permitted to make choice of a profeſſion. I determined to follow that in which my father had met with ſo much ſucceſs; two made choice of the army, one the navy, another the law, and the younger one the church. It was the misfortune of this worthy man to have extravagant children; in ſhort, there was no end to his anxiety, or to their expence, and the conſequence of this was, that when my mother was left a widow, ſhe found herſelf deeply involved in debt. To ſupport this amiable parent, and two unmarried ſiſters, was a duty which devolved upon myſelf, and I determined never to marry until I had rendered them independent, which I had the good fortune to accompliſh in leſs than ten years. I then thought myſelf at liberty to ſtudy my own happineſs. My diſpoſition was peculiarly calculated for domeſtic life; and though fortune can never prove an objection to any man, I determined not to make it an objection in a wife. As my friends all knew I was ſolicitous to marry, each of them endeavoured to direct my choice; and, at length, one of them introduced me to a young lady, whoſe charms made an inſtant impreſſion upon my heart. Though ſhe was not ſtrictly beautiful, there was that animation in her countenance, which is infinitely more attractive than the moſt regular formed face; her mind was improved, her converſation was ſpirited; and, in ſhort, ſhe was all that my fondeſt wiſhes could deſire. In our ages, it is true, there was rather too great a diſparity; ſhe was not quite one-and-twenty, and I had juſt entered into my thirty-ſecond year; however, this did not appear to be the ſlighteſt objection to my Emma, who gave me the moſt indiſputable proof of her regard. Her father ſeemed charmed at the proſpect of an alliance; he had only a ſmall living, and of courſe had no fortune to beſtow, and my profeſſion was ſo lucrative as rendered it likely that I ſhould be perfectly independent in the courſe of a few years.

I believe few men enjoyed a more perfect degree of happineſs than I did for the ſpace of ſix fleeting years. It is true, at times I thought my Emma was rather too volatile, but if I made the remark to her, ſhe would burſt into tears, lament that the natural gaiety of her temper ſhould give me the leaſt uneaſineſs, and promiſed in future to behave more reſerved. I muſt have been a brute to have appeared angry after ſuch behaviour, which was calculated to endear her ſtill more to my heart; indeed, I ſeemed to love her the better for theſe trifling imprudences, and ſhe appeared to feel toward me an equal regard.

A ſchool-fellow of mine, whom I was ſtrongly attached to, although he was much my junior in years, about ſix years after my marriage returned from the Eaſt Indies, laden with the gifts of fortune, but impoveriſhed in health. I immediately invited him to place himſelf under my direction, promiſed he ſhould find an anxious phyſician in myſelf, and a careful nurſe in my wife; deſcribed my domeſtic happineſs in the moſt glowing colours, and intreated him to come and participate in my delights. In an evil hour he accepted my invitation, but I was provoked at the cool manner in which he received the advances of my wife, little ſuſpecting that he had known her before he went to India, though he had even made propoſals for her hand. Theſe her father had prudently rejected, as Sellenger at that time was merely a cadet, but at the taking of Seringapatam he was peculiarly fortunate, and he had likewiſe contrived to make a great deal of money by trade.

I conſidered the attention which my Emma paid to this friend of my childhood as an additional proof of regard to myſelf, and frequently rallied Sellenger upon his want of gallantry to a female, little imagining how well he practiſed it when out of my ſight. At length, I could not help thinking there was a reverſe in my wife's behaviour toward me; and that the civilities ſhe paid me were rather the effect of duty, than love; I likewiſe obſerved, that when I accidentally ſurpriſed her and Sellenger together, there was an embarraſſment in their manner, for which I could not account. Still I endeavoured to drive that fiend jealouſy from my boſom, and treated my Emma with additional proofs of tenderneſs and regard; yet as my friend had entirely recovered from the indiſpoſition, I could not help thinking it ſtrange that his viſit ſhould be ſo unreaſonably prolonged. The extenſive practice in which I was engaged, not only kept me a greater part of the day from my family, but I was frequently abſent from home during night, as there did not happen to be another phyſician within the diſtance of fifteen miles.

A female domeſtic had lived with me from the time I had commenced practice; and this faithful creature I had always treated in the light of a friend; for by the extravagance of her huſband ſhe had been reduced to dependance, though ſhe had long been accuſtomed to all the comforts of life. Previous to my marriage, ſhe had undertaken the management of my family, and after it, Emma conſulted her in all domeſtic concerns; and ſo warmly was ſhe attached to our intereſt, that ſhe ſtudied it as much as ſhe could have done her own. I remarked that Emma and this worthy woman for ſome time had not been upon very cordial terms, but as I never interfered in the affairs of the family, I thought it better they ſhould ſettle all diſputes by themſelves. Coming home rather unexpectedly one evening, I was very much ſurpriſed at finding Emma in tears; the traces of

anger

anger were viſible in Sellenger's countenance, and my feelings inſtantly took the alarm.

" For Heaven's ſake, Emma," I exclaimed in a tone of impatience, " who, or what can have occaſioned theſe tears? I have long obſerved, though I have not mentioned it, that ſome inward diſquiet preyed upon your heart."—" When you retain people in your houſe, who are paid as domeſtics, but in fact are nothing better than ſpies, you cannot be aſtoniſhed at your wife's feelings being wounded," ſaid Sellenger, " but if I was Mrs. Cunningham, by Heaven ſhe ſhould not ſtay!" " And pray, Sir," I replied, darting a contemptuous look at him, " by what authority do you preſume to dictate to my wife? or how dare you, who have ſo long been an unwelcome intruder in my family, venture to declare that my ſervants are ſpies? I have, for a length of time, young man, been diſguſted with your behaviour, but the laws of hoſpitality have hitherto confined my tongue; however, I do not think it neceſſary to preſerve further delicacy with you, and deſire you immediately to quit my houſe." " As to you, Emma," I continued, turning toward her, and taking hold of her reluctant hand, " I muſt beg leave to conduct you to your dreſſing-room, as from your lips alone I expect theſe extraordinary circumſtances to be explained;" ſo ſaying, I led, or rather drew her forward, leaving the embarraſſed Sellenger alone.

(To be continued.)

Serious Thoughts at the preſent important Criſis.

To the EDITOR,

SIR,

PERMIT a few remarks to the public, through the medium of your Entertainer, from one concerned and intereſted for the welfare of this nation, and who feels thankful (while every human effort is exerted for its defence), that a day is ſet apart for public humiliation and ſupplication " to him, who is God over all," before whom the inhabitants of the earth are reputed as nothing; who doth according to his will in the army of Heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth, and none can ſtay his hand or ſay unto him what doſt thou? " If he giveth peace, whether to a nation or an individual, none can cauſe trouble." Would it not be wiſe in a nation like our's, who from the higheſt to the loweſt order are privileged with a revelation of his holy will, and (who in general I would hope) believe the record he has given of himſelf, and the rule of his procedure laid down in his holy word, to have recourſe thereunto. And do we not there read, legible and plain, the connection of cauſes and effects?

When

When a nation have departed from the revelation of his holy will and pure word as their rule of conduct, has he not to excite true humiliation, and to rouze to a ſenſe of duty, cauſed his threatened judgements to ſound an alarm? not to deſtroy, but to ſave, if his warning voice is attended to. Can it then be thought unſeaſonable, at this important criſis, to call the minds of the public, who feel ſome conſciouſneſs of their own deſert, to the examples recorded in the ſcriptures of truth.

King Hezekiah, when threatened by Sennacherib with invaſion, went into the houſe of the Lord, and in the ſimplicity of his heart ſpread his cauſe before him. His prayer is recorded in the 37th of Iſaiah, as well as the gracious anſwer, with the wonderful deliverance, from him who heareth the prayer of the heart.

Likewiſe King Aſa, when Zerah the Ethiopian, with his mighty hoſt and chariots came againſt him: "Aſa cried unto the Lord his God and ſaid, Lord it is nothing with thee to help, whether with many, or with them that have no power; help us, O Lord, our God! for we reſt on thee, and in thy name we go againſt this multitude. O Lord! thou art our God! let not man prevail againſt thee;" and we have alſo recorded the anſwer of his prayer, "ſo the Lord ſmote the Ethiopians before Aſa, and they fled."

And I would remark when King Jehoſhaphat was reproved by Jehu, we read in the 19th chapter of the 2d book of Chronicles, the effect it had on his conduct, and when it was told him, in the next chapter, of a great multitude coming againſt him, Jehoſhaphat feared, and ſet himſelf to ſeek the Lord, and proclaimed a faſt throughout Judea; his prayer is recorded, the anſwer from the Lord, and the deliverance granted him. Alſo by the prophet Joel, in the 2d chapter, there is an alarm ſounded, of the righteous judgements of the Lord nigh at hand, and his warning voice calling to repentance, with the gracious promiſes annexed.

Likewiſe King Joſiah, when he read in the book of the law, and found that great was the wrath of the Lord that was kindled againſt them, becauſe they had not hearkened unto the word of the Lord, to do according to that which was written, the king rent his clothes, and went to enquire of the Lord, and we have the anſwer from him, who is rich in mercy to all that call upon him; "becauſe thine heart was tender, and thou haſt humbled thyſelf before the Lord when thou heardeſt what I ſpake againſt this place, and againſt the inhabitants thereof, that they ſhould become a deſolation and a curſe, and haſt rent thy clothes, and wept before me, I alſo have heard thee ſaith the Lord."

Another inſtance is recorded, and is written of Rehoboam, in the 2d book of Chronicles, chap. 12, when eſtabliſhed and

ſtrengthened in his kingdom, he forſook the law of the Lord, and all Iſrael with him, and the king of Egypt came up againſt Jeruſalem, becauſe "they had tranſgreſſed againſt the Lord, with horſemen, chariots, and an army without number, and when it was ſaid to Rehoboam from the Lord, by the prophet, ye have forſaken me, and therefore have I alſo left you in the hand of Shiſhak, king of Egypt, it is written, whereupon the princes of Iſrael, and the king humbled themſelves, and they ſaid the Lord is righteous; and when the Lord ſaw that they humbled themſelves, the word of the Lord came to Shemiah, the prophet, ſaying they have humbled themſelves, therefore I will not deſtroy them, but I will grant them ſome deliverance, and my wrath ſhall not be poured out upon Jeruſalem by the hand of the king of Egypt."

In the caſe of Nineveh, when it was threatened "that within forty days it ſhould be overthrown," the people humbled themſelves, from the greateſt even to the leaſt, and ſaid, "who can tell if God will turn and repent, and turn away from his fierce anger that we periſh not?" And God ſaw their works, that they turned from their evil way, and God repented of the evil that he had ſaid he would do unto them, and he did it not."

Animated by ſacred examples, ſhall we not, as a nation and a people (highly favoured of our God, but deeply conſcious we have not obeyed his word, ſpoken in ancient times by his prophets, but in theſe laſt days, by his Son Jeſus Chriſt, his apoſtles, and the warning voice of his Holy Spirit in our hearts), repent, believe, and obey the goſpel, and with one conſent, humble ourſelves before our God, and unite with one voice to implore forgiveneſs of our ſins, and mercy and deliverance to our nation, not for our ſakes, but for the ſake of our Lord and Saviour Jeſus Chriſt, who gave himſelf a ranſom for the ſins of the whole world, and ever liveth to make interceſſion at the right hand of God for all who believe in his holy name, love, and obey him, and hath left on record, if two or three agree to aſk any thing in his name, he will do it. I again repeat, as with one heart, may we unite in the requeſt to our Heavenly Father, that for the ſake of his Son, by whoſe name we are called, though we have not obeyed his word and ſpirit, he would forgive our ſins, and ſave our nation by his own right hand and Almighty Power, that we may aſcribe the glory, honour, and praiſe to his holy name, and devote our future life to his ſervice. Need we any further precedents to animate and rouze to fervent prayer and humble confidence, let us refer to the Apoſtle Paul in the eleventh to the Hebrews, where in one view he collects and recounts the great effects of ſimple faith and humble prayer.

We, as a nation, can trace back the hand of the Lord in our deliverances in the time of need; but let none preſume, but rather

rather attend to the word of the Lord, which was ſpoken to King Aſa, and all Judah and Benjamin: " the Lord is with you while ye be with him, and if ye ſeek him he will be found of you, but if ye forſake him, he will forſake you."

Let our application be unto him, whoſe ear is not heavy that he cannot hear, and let our dependance be on him, whoſe arm is not ſhortened that he cannot ſave; " for his eye runneth to and fro in the earth, to make himſelf ſtrong in behalf of them whoſe hearts are upright before him." But let none be unconcerned at the threatened judgments impending over us, that it may not be ſaid of any in our nation, as of Iſrael of old, " all this evil is come upon us, yet made we not our prayer before the Lord our God, that we might turn from our iniquities, and underſtand the truth."

As a lover of our nation, I call on all who regard their king and country to unite with their whole heart in this humble addreſs in ſacred language, " O my God! incline thine ear and hear; open thine eyes, and behold the deſolation we are threatened with, who are called by thy name; for we do not preſent our ſupplication before thee for our righteouſneſſes, but for thy great mercies. O Lord, hear! O Lord, forgive! O Lord, hearken and do; defer not for thy own ſake, O my God! for this nation and people are called by thy name."

And as it is written, at the beginning of Daniel's ſupplication, the commandment came forth; ſo at the united humiliation and fervent prayer of our nation collectively, may the divine commandment go forth for the deliverance and ſalvation of our nation, is the heartfelt prayer of its real friend.

An ANECDOTE.

THE manor of Broadwater formerly belonged to the family of the Camois, who flouriſhed from the time of Edward I. until the ſixteenth century. A ſingular anecdote is recorded of Sir John Camois, who, by a deed regularly executed, " of his own free will, gave and demiſed his wife Margaret to Sir William Parnel, knight, with all her goods, chattels, and other appendages, to have and to hold during the term of her natural life!" This inſtance of packing off a wife, bag and baggage, ſhows that Pope Gregory was not miſtaken when he wrote to Lanfranc, archbiſhop of Canterbury, that he had heard there were certain perſons in Scotland, who not only forſook, but ſold their wives, whereas in England they gave and granted them away.

Remarkable INSTANCE *of* MEMORY.

HORTENSIUS, one of the moſt celebrated orators of antient Rome, had ſo happy a memory, that after ſtudying a diſcourſe, though he had not written down a ſingle word of it, he could repeat it exactly in the ſame manner in which he had compoſed it. His powers of mind in this reſpect were really aſtoniſhing; and we are told, that in conſequence of a wager with one Sienna, he ſpent a whole day at an auction, and when it was ended, he recapitulated every article that had been ſold, together with the prices, and the names of the purchaſers in their proper order, without erring in one point, as was proved by the clerk, who followed him with his book.

SKETCH *of* PRUSSIAN GENERALS.

BERLIN, in reſpect of the regularity of its ſtreets, and the magnificence of its buildings, is certainly one of the moſt elegant cities in Europe. The large ſquares contribute greatly to its embelliſhment. In that called William-ſquare, are four marble ſtatues of the celebrated Pruſſian generals, Schwerin, Keith, Wintfereld, and Seidlitz. Schwerin holds in his hand the ſtandard with which he ruſhed among the enemy at the bloody battle of Prague; calling out at the ſame time to his regiment, "My lads, follow me!" He died the death of a hero; and the king lamented his loſs more than the ſlaughter of 20,000 men, who fell on that fatal day. When Frederick took Keith into his ſervice, he ſaid, "I have made an important acquiſition." Frederick knew mankind well. Keith rendered him eſſential ſervices. Winterfield was an officer of great bravery and abilities. Seidlitz, a courageous ſoldier, was Frederick's favourite. Yet amidſt the praiſes he juſtly merited, his own failings are ſaid to have been the occaſion of his premature death. He expired, not in the field of honour, but on a painful ſick bed.

Anſwer, by W. Carter, at Mr. Quant's Boarding-ſchool, Everſhot, to J. Oats's Queſtion, inſerted June 6.

ADMIT the trapezium inſcribed in a circle, which will be the greateſt poſſible, whoſe four ſides are given, 4, 5, 7, and 9 furlongs, then per Bonnycaſtle's Menſuration the area may be found thus, from half the ſum of the four ſides, ſubtract each ſide ſeverally; multiply the four remainders continually together, and the ſquare root of the product will be the area, = 350 acres, 1 rood, 10 perches, very near, at 25l. per acre, amounts to 8757l. 16ls. 3d. the value of the eſtate required.

Anſwer, by T. Rutger, of Clowance, to Orlando's Enigma, inſerted Auguſt 15.

THE curious COBWEB doth diſplay
The ſubject of your youthful lay.

*** We have received the like anſwer from R. Holwell, William Strong, I. Squance, and J. Tremlett, of Exeter; A. Kyne, of Dartmouth; William Cole, of Broadhempſton; P. Ninnis, of Broadhempſton; Recluſe, of Awliſcombe; W. Bickham, jun. of Aſhburton; Juvenis, of South Molton; J. Ninnis, of St. Agnes; and Laurel Branch, of Parnaſſus.

Anſwer, by J. O. Zillwood, of Dorcheſter, to T. Coumbe's Charade, inſerted the 15th of Auguſt.

DESCEND ſweet CONCORD! bleſs us with thy ſmile!
Benignant look on Britain's ſea-girt iſle!
Bid ſanguine war's dread devaſtations ceaſe,
And crown the world with univerſal peace.

*** We have received the like anſwer from T. Rutger, of Clowance; Orlando, R. Holwell, J. Tremlett, J. Squance, P. Gove, and W. Strong, of Exeter; A. Kyne, of Dartmouth; W. Cole, of Broadwinſor; Recluſe, of Awliſcombe; Laurel Branch, of Parnaſſus; and E. R. Bickham, of Newton Buſhel.

A CHARADE, *by J. Channon, of Ottery.*

A Term that to the fair one's heart is oft apply'd,
My firſt, kind Sirs, it will decide;
To find my next a pulſe muſt ſure appear,
Now name my whole, its in the garden fair.

An ANAGRAM, *by W. Carter, of Mr. Quant's School, Everſhot.*

TRANSPOSE a brood, it will diſplay
What you and I do every day;
A letter change, tranſpoſe once more,
A penalty you'll then explore.

An ENIGMA, *by P. Gove, of Exeter.*

FLY the ſcenes of diſſipation,
Where her motley crew repair,
Fir'd by wild intoxication,
Oaths and curſes ſtrike the ear.

Baniſh'd hence by wild confuſion,
To thoſe votaries I am loſt;
Many will, by calm reflection,
Know it to their grief and coſt.

Heavenly boon! O precious bleſſing!
Of more value far than gold;
Thoſe who loſe me how diſtreſſing!
I cannot be bought or ſold.

You who now poſſeſs this treaſure,
Uſe me well, and you will find,
Calm content, and laſting pleaſure,
To poſſeſs your hearts and minds.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

TO THE NIGHT-FLOWERING CEREUS.

Written in a Hothouſe at Night.

FAIR flower nocturnal! here before thy ſhrine,
Beneath the glaſſy roof's tranſparent gleam;
In ruſtic ſtrain, now let the muſe be mine,
To lucubrate thy ſweets with taper beam.

For why, fair beauty! art thou then conſign'd,
To ebon ſhades 'mongſt evening's motley crew;
Or why thy ſplendour thus to night confin'd,
And doom'd to ſilence mantled from the view?

But ſay, if gloomy ſolitude's retreat,
You prize beyond the brighter rays of day,
Yet hath thy goddeſs not dealt ſtrange with fate,
To bloom but once, then ſentenc'd to decay?

Now as thy brilliant petals yet expand,
Still new-born beauties they preſent to view;
Thy golden leaves extrinſic bear command,
And ope, thy lovely ſnow-white charms to ſhew.

And as thy ſilken threads unveil to ſight,
In number vaſt, more ſplendour ſtill unfolds;
And as the ſolemn mid-moſt hour of night
Draws nigh, more graceful ſtill I thee behold.

O flower divine! what fragrance doſt thou yield?
What radiant luſtre doſt thy veſt adorn!
Nature in thee hath plac'd a fruitful field
For contemplative man beneath thy bourn.

O muſt I bid adieu to thy retreat,
And leave thee to thy manſion thus forlorn?
Then farewell, beauteous emblem of the night!
Doom'd to eternal exile ere the morn.

Clowance, Auguſt 16, 1803. T. R.

STANZAS *on the* CLOSE *of* AUTUMN, *by Mr.* DYER.

NOW farewell ſummer's fervid ſky,
That, while the ſun thro' Cancer rides,
With chariot flow, and feveriſh eye,
Scorches the beech-clad foreſt ſides!
And farewell earlier autumn's milder ray,
Which, the warm labour of the ſickle o'er,
Could make the heart of ſwain induſtrious gay,
Viewing in barn ſecure his wheaten ſtore:
What time the ſocial hours mov'd blithe along,
Urg'd by the nut-brown ale, and jolly harveſt-ſong.
What different ſounds around me riſe!
Now midſt a barren ſcene I rove,
Where the rude haum in hillocks lies,
Where the raſh ſportſman frights the grove.

Ah!

Ah, cruel ſport! ah, pain-awakening ſound!
How hoarſe your death-note to his liſtening ear,
Who late, wild warbled muſic floating round,
Bleſt the mild warblers of the riſing year;
Who, as each ſongſter ſtrain'd his little throat,
Grateful himſelf would try the ſoft reſponſive note.

Yet ſtill in autumn's fading form
The tender melting charms we trace,
Such as, love's ſeaſon paſt, ſtill warm
The ſober matron's modeſt face:
Mild beaming ſuns, oft hid by fleeting clouds,
Blue mantled ſkies, light-fring'd with golden hues,
Brooks, whoſe ſwoln waters mottled leaves o'erſpreads
Fields, where the plough its ſteady courſe purſues,
And woods, whoſe many ſhining leaves might move
Fancy's poetic hand to paint the orange grove.

Verſes on a Portrait of the Princeſs Mary, in the Character of an Artiſt.
By P. PINDAR, *Eſq.*

SWEET nymph! accept a verſe from him,
A pupil in the ſchool of whim,
Too prone to make great folks his ſport;
Yet, if he catch one glimpſe of merit,
He ſnatches up the pen with ſpirit,
To praiſe it, tho' it comes from court.

'Tis true, that courts are fat hot beds,
Engendering reptiles, noiſome weeds,
Which ſatire's ſcythe will ne'er keep under;
But lo! a charming roſe art thou,
Receive then, nymph! my loweſt bow,
For giving to the world a wonder.

ODE TO MY OLD SHOES.

YE gentle pair! I'm much o'blig'd t'ye both,
Your ſervices I gratefully muſt own;
And yet to part with you, I'm vaſtly loath,
And you, I gueſs, to part with me would groan.

Alas! ye ſhew ſad ſymptoms of decay,
Unable to repel the ruſhing rain;
Sad cracks, indeed, your gentle forms betray,
Ah! not, I fear, to be repair'd again.

Yet have ye borne me often thro' the mire,
And oft to Delia's rural bower, indeed;
Where beauty, converſe ſweet, and ſoft deſire,
Around the happy room their roſes ſpread.

Tho' now ye feel th' effects of toil and age,
Unable, now, to face the rain and blaſt,
I ſolemly, my ſable friends, engage
To make all comfortable while ye laſt.

Your form ſo comely, ſlippers will I change,
And, then, how ſlight the labour I require!
Thus happy lodg'd—condemn'd no more to range,
Ye ſleep, at eve, before the parlour fire.

Hark to that ſound! "Old ſhoes to ſell! old ſhoes!"
Fear not, my friends, but truſt my guarding care;
Ye ſhall not paſs to unbelieving Jews,
And join the vermin'd tatters of Rag Fair.